In Search of an Affinity.

By WEX JONES.

In return I have written her the lines

This Happy Land.

We cannot refrain from smiling when we

lican River between here and Republic City

reading King Oscar's invitation, request or

Extenuating Circumstances.

Big Game.

to the store in disgust because he had

The man who took the moth balls back

There is a certain stately spinster of

My affinity!

ET my soul-twin to-day. She is beautharming age, and she recognizes me as tiful, and they say her old man has her true twin soul. codles of coin. The moment I met I wrote Alice's father: her I felt that our twin souls had been "I have met my affinity. Send for Alice seeking each other through space ever until I can obtain a divorce." since the world was set rolling by the Alice's father called next day. "What's

this about an affinity?" he said, and then I told Alice of my love this morning as before I could reply he muttered coarse exwe sat in the garden—a new Garden of pressions about "taking it out of my hide." Eden. I told her that it needed but Eve The doctor says I can leave the hospital to complete its Adam's happiness. Rather in ten days. In the meantime Mrs. Flopa neat turn; must embody it in a sonnet. dobs consoles me with daily visits. She Read Alice-lovely name-my lines begin- has opened a bank account for me and ning "Through the empty aeons I have deeded me a house, waited." She admired my poor lines excessively, which shows that she has keen "Through empty acons I have strayed."

Alice, I cannot live without thee! To-day Alice agreed that we were twin souls, and we kissed each other; rather banal, perhaps, but soul-kisses are so little think of the Swedes along up the Repubregarded by any but us poor geniuses of

the true artistic temperament.

the true artistic temperament.

Alice's father is impossible. He asked me how I would support his daughter. The old curmudgeon! Money may come with fame; I care not.

Our twin souls are reunited! To avoid argument with the materialistic father, Alice and I were secretly married.

How happy she is!

She worships my genius, and I read her my poems all day long. She is not brilliant herself, but quite stupid persons can recognize merit in others. My magnificent lines on the empty aeons she pronounces the greatest poem in the world's literature, aithough I find she thought aeons were some sort of soup tureen.

Alice's father has no money!

Alice's father has no money! I am crushed, crushed like a fragile blossom of the roadside.

I shut myself up in the house and penned some inspired fines beginning, "The Richmond who has lived alone for many mordant tooth of most malicious time." years in a handsome mansion that is one of the city's sights. No childish fingers proved.

Alice it appears, is a stenographer. She

dining-room.
On one occasion the spinster had as works—being of a coarser nature, work does not grate upon her nerves—during the day in some stelld office, so we do not lack the bread to nourish our earthly frames. Of spiritual sustenance I, who need so much, receive none from her.

Alice will not listen to my verses any longer. My sonnet "My Soul Is Soaked in Paradise" only made her say vulgarly that everything else was soaked in the hockshop.

On one occasion the spinster had as guest a niece, aged seven, in whose home, where many children romped from morning till night, the same exquisite perfection of housekeeping was, of course, impossible. When the littue girl returned home she hastened to tell her mother of the wonders of the house wherein she was a guest, includentally enlarging upon the delights of the "tea-parties" there.

"Mamma," said she, in an awed tone, "I saw a fly in Aunt Sarah's house. But," she added thoughtfuily, "It was washing itself."—Harper's Weekly. works-being of a coarser nature, work does

At a poem recital last night I met my affinity!

Happy, happy day! Our souls leaped together across space

Our souls leaped together across space as I read her my lines "On an Emaciated Butterfly." She is a widow, whose husband left her nearly a million dollars. Crude prosperity.

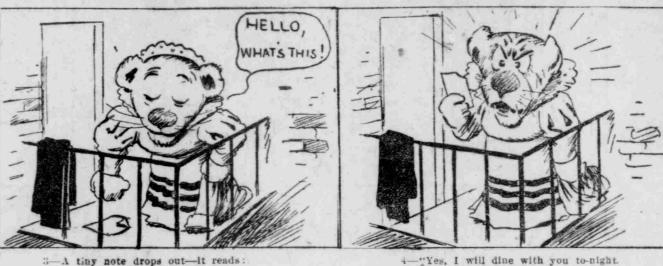
Mrs. Flopdobs is past fifty, woman's most

SUCH A SWELLNESS.



1-The King is playing solitaire, At least, so I suppose.

A-shaking out his clothes.



"Ah, pet, how kind of you.

"Yes, I will dine with you to-night. Your little sweetheart, Sue."



5-This King was very foolish to Invite a girl to sup,

6-And afterward forget to tear That tell-tale answer up.

Dinkelspiel on Wedding Presents.

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

veek, ain'd it?" set Rudolph.

"It is it," set Charles. "Twelve dollars per der veek is a nice bunch of money, yet," set Rudolph. "It is," set Charles, "but it doan'd scatter enough ven two begins to live on it."

"Vot you haf got you get," set Rudolph. bride. Poor Charles bited deep on his t'umb und

nine dollars per der veek ven you get

Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examiner. | marriaged, mebbe. I haf been dese many Home. Now. years in der delicatessen pitzness, und I EIN LIEBER LOOEY-Ve haf re haf, darefore, figured ould many vays to ceifed your letter from Spookane, eat cheap, und dareby safe your money. und ve vas glat dot your healt' In der morning, Charles, let me gif you dis continuations to be comfortable und un- idea abouid breakfast, vich could be Mock eggscited.

Eferyding vas quiet und peaceful mit us here at home mit der eggsception dot your cousin, Charles Hausenbauer, vill get tree. Dis forms der basis of der egg, und

marriaged to Laura Schmittzenmeyer next Chewsday at der home of der bride's parents, vich is a flat ouid Morningside vay mit sigs rooms, four children und a bath. Charles is a nice young man abouid der 23 age, mit a siender forehead und a chob at twelve dollars per in der delicatessen kept by Rudolph Sauerface.

Charles has vorked for old man Sauerface dese last sefen years, und der boy hat great eggspectations from der Boss. Charles vent py him und set, "Boss, I going to get marriaged, mebbe, yes."

Rudolph looked at him ofer his glasses und set, "Perhaps you vas, yes! Is it my fault, mebbe?"

Charles dug der end of his shoe in der floor und responsed, "Could you hollday me, yes, so I can get marriaged?"

"Dit I haf a hollday ven I got marriaged?" inkylred Rudolph.

yes, so I can get marriaged?"

"Dit I haf a holiday ven I got marriaged?" inkvired Rudolph.

"I am searchable," vispered Charles.

"I vas marriaged during der dinner hour und vas back to vork before der vissle blowed," set Rudolph.

"I can unterstoot all dot—I haf seen your vife," set Charles, more in pity den in sorrow.

"Vot prospectifs haf you to get marriaged on?" set Rudolph.

"I c'ought, mebbe, you vould make my vages longer to spend because many years, airetty, haf I vorked for less, und now is vages longer to spend because many years, same into der som tureen and add imitation to bascum sauce. Nice to bascum sauce can be made from pickled fire-crackers. Serve hot und keep der lips der revard vot I get, mebbe."

"I pay you now tweive dollars per der repek ain'd it?" set Rudolph.

"I pay you now tweive dollars per der repek ain'd it?" set Rudolph.

Rudolph vent right on.
"Now den, Charles, comes my idea of a cheap dinner vich you could hat Imitation
Roast Beef, as following: Draw from memory der ouidlines of a cow und remove der
forequarter. Place der forequarter on der
gridfron und let it sizzle. Now brown der ter enough ven two begins to live on it."

"Vell," set Rudolph, "ven I got marriaged I lived on eight dollars per der
riaged I lived on eight dollars per der veek."

"Yes, but my vife has got der habit to eat at least tvice a day, und I hate to break her of it," set Charles.

"Eggstravagance is der root of much annoyance," set Rudolph.

"Den I doan't get der vages raised to more of a bunch?" inkvired Charles.

"Yot von haf got von get," set Rudolph.

"Can opener. If it breaks der can opener, it is not done. Let it sizzie, Ven der supper beil rings serve hot, mit imitation pickles on der side. Nice pickles can be made from green trading stamps, but he careful to squeeze ouid all der premiums from der green stamps before using." 'Yy dis time Charles's hat feil backvards ouid of der delicatessen, und he nefer stopped running until he valked breatlessly into der presence of his affianced bride.

Ven he tolt her der vedding present dot

Poor Charles bited deep on his t'umb und valked avay, crestfallingly.

"Vait, Charles!" set Rudolph; "It is dot your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif you some adwice vich vill safe you abouid to the vill info.

"Vait, Charles!" set Rudolph; "It is dot your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif you some adwice vich vill safe you abouid to be provided in the vill info.

"Ven he tolt her der vedding present dot der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der vedding present dot der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der vedding present dot der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill info der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush outduring the vill gif your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif your some adwice vich vill safe you about the vill gif your some adwice vich vill safe you about the vill your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif your some adwice vich vill safe you about the vill your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif your some adwice vich vill safe your about the vill your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif your some adwice vich vill safe your about the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your vages when your vages were very proportion to the vill your vages when your

Just Off the Ice.

Idleness as a Mischief-Maker

By WINIFRED BLACK.

HE foreign dispatches tell us that the Grand Duke of Something or Other and the great Panjandrum of Somewhere Else have united with Her Grace the Duchess of Thing-a-ma-bob to organize a crusade against vice in foreign high

Poor things!

One time they say the monkeys of the jungle organized to discourage the practice of swinging by the tail from the limbs of the trees.

The society did not last long. The leaders of it couldn't quite get over the habit they were crusading against themselves.

Now, if the monkeys had only moved out of the jungle into the open plains, where there were no trees and where they would have had to go to work to earn a living. they might have turned into men some day-who knows?

The only way to reform high society is to get out of it. Man was made to work, and just as soon

as he stops working he gets into mischief. A railroad engine is a fine, useful piece of mechanism as long as it stays on the

The moment it gets out of the place where it was meant to be, it is a hideous engine of destruction and a menace to every living thing. The only way to keep a man decent is

to keep him busy.

We poor human beings are always trying to make ourselves believe that ideal conditions would make an ideal man, and all the time we have right before us horrible examples which prove that the ideal conditions, as far as leisure, money and position are concerned, produce the most unideal human beings that could possibly exist. "Any man can be good on \$50,000 a

year," said the hero of a once popular book. Pardon me, Mr. Hero, I think you're wrong.

Almost any man can be decent when he lives a normal life where he has to work normally for his living.

It takes a great man to be decent-and idle on \$50,000 a year. Do you really want to get vice out of

high society, my dear Duchess? Take the income and the estate and the old tradition of uselessness away from the men who are corrupting their little world and the first thing you know they'll turn into decent, self-respecting, honest men. Poor things, you can't blame them for

what they are now. They are not strong enough to get above their environments, that's all that is the matter with them.

Woman Scores.

A man and his wife were once staying A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel. When all danger was past he said: "Now, you see how necessary it is to keep

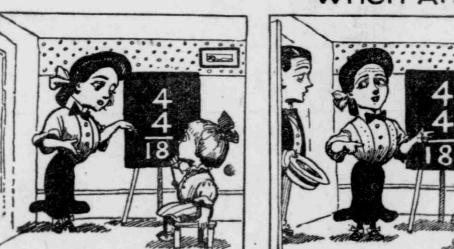
cool." The wife for the first time glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "It is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."—Boston Herald.

Observing the Letter.

The Buxom Belle-Why does the tattooed man run about the stage at every per-formance? The Tiny Tot-The manager advertised moving pictures, and the apparatus didn't arrive.—Harper's Weekly.

When Antoinette is on the Job.



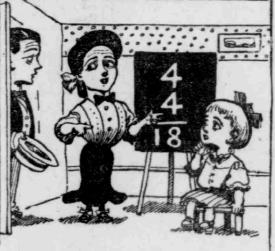
1. ANTOINETTE-Now listen carefully, Bessie, and I'll teach your arithmetic lay. and I'll teach you your arithmetic lesson. See what I have written on the blackboard—four times four equals eighteen.

BESSIE-My teacher says four times four equals

INK

MY WORD

PEACHERINO



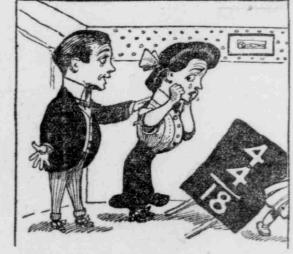
2. HARRY-Good afternoon, Antoinette. What

ANTOINETTE-Oh, I'm only helping Bessie with her arithmetic lesson. Now, Bessie, don't contradict me again. Remember what I told you-four times four equals eighteen.



3. HARRY-Ho, ho, ho! That's a good one on you, Antoinette. Four times four makes sixteen, not eighteen.

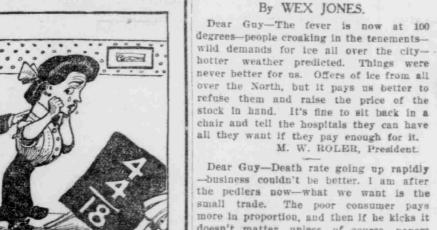
BESSIE—That's what I told her, but she wouldn't believe me. I'm going to tell Mamma I don't want Antolnette to teach me any more.



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4. HARRY-Never mind, Antoinette. It was only a triffing mistake. Any one is likely to get mixed up at times.

ANTOINETTE—Then why did you laugh at me and call attention to my mistake right before Bessie? You've destroyed the child's faith in me, and she'il never believe a word I say after this. Boo, 7000!



-business couldn't be better. I am after the pedlers now-what we want is the small trade. The poor consumer pays more in proportion, and then if he kicks it doesn't matter, unless, of course, papers like The American make too much fuss over the business. Fortunately the District Attorney is a broad-gauge man. M. W. ROLER, President.

Dear Guy-I saw the District Attorney to-day, and he is delightfully calm and treats the matter in a businesslike manner, which is refreshing after the hysterical attacks upon our perfectly legitimate business. You will be glad to hear, by the way, that we now control 75 per cent of the New York business. We are rapidly "taking in" our smaller competitors. We do not crush them too much; inst hand them dollar ice for a while and



then take them into the tr-1 mean the company-to work for us. M. W. ROLER, President.

Dear Guy-I am arranging a trip to Maine for the News Bureau men. It is to be abclutely untrammelled, of course, but you'll take care they see only the right things. I have hired a chef from the St. Regis and the tug is full of champagne. See the boys have a good time and send in absolutely impartial accounts.

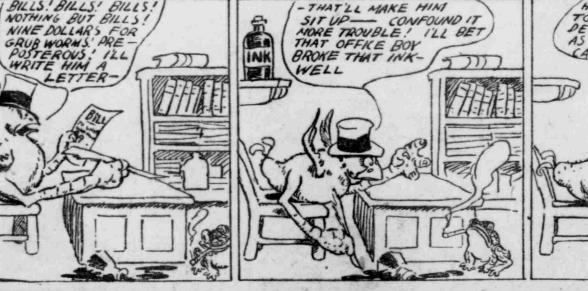
You always had a sense of humor. M. W. ROLER, President.

Dear Guy-It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to keep track of the way we're fixing our competitors here-hundreds of deals and no two contracts alike. Since the District Attorney is so very broad gauged I think we can tide over to the Winter, when the papers can't stir up so much public fuss. Heat wave sweeping over New York—great for business. Subscribed to several charities for taking poor children to cool seaside or mountains. Also raised price ten cents.
M. W. ROLER, President.

Dear Guy-Have thought out good plan to make our present stock last through the season without buying any from all the season without buying any from an those offering ice to us. The plan is a radical increase in price to curtail consumption. You will be giad to hear the District Attorney grows calmer and more broad gauge every day.

M. W. ROLER, President

Cluck Cluck, the Slick Chick.



I'LL TEACH HER

HOW TO SWIM

WHEN SHE .

COMES OUT!





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Masherino the Monk.

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